

THE STEWARDSHIP PAPERS

Blessings

Tuesday, I thought, was Monday.

Consequently, I found myself rushing a child somewhere, in the car, at the last minute...and dented someone else's car in the process.

"Anyone have a pencil?"...and I hastily scribbled a note to leave on the other car's windshield; and rushed home to find...

that the Chicken Cacciatore had burned...followed by noodles spilling into the disposal and "last minute" garlic toast lasting about a minute, after I'd burned them in the broiler.

"I swear I feel like throwing something!" I yelled at the window. (Rejection.)

"Is anything wrong, honey?" asked my spouse.

"I'm going to my room," I stated in a voice that reeked with deadly calm. "I wish to be alone. You may start eating without me...if there's anything edible"; and I went quietly into seclusion.

In the distance, I could hear my husband explaining to the children that Mommy's day hadn't gone too well. And as they said the blessing, I repeated it in my own mind (in

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case I should decide to join them)...sat for about three minutes...and finally made my way to the table.

“Don’t worry, Mom. We all make mistakes.”

“You didn’t burn the chicken...”

“Have you seen the bottom of the pot, lately?” I asked; and a rush to the kitchen produced “By golly, she did!” in awed tones.

“Well, you didn’t burn the butter...”

“We don’t care. We like the stuff.”

“Everybody makes mistakes.”

“You can’t help accidents.”

And all the voices clamored to make me feel better. And I did...for

“Blessed are those whose iniquities are forgiven” [Romans 4:7]

apart from their works!

(Written, January 30, 1980. Edited, November 30, 2012.)